

JJ

* NUTHAMPTON HIT TUNES *

.....to WAAF Site Warblers who have sweated out Spam Lines and gone to meet the Hunto the 398th senior birdmen seasoned by flak and English spirits ...to memories of a Luton lass and a million laughs, this scripture is hereby dedicated.

*Similar to
Prayer them all*

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR

(tune 'Bless 'them all

In five thousand years, when they're digging for gold
In mud that is slimy and slick,
A Fortress they'll find there, all battered and burned,
Eager beaver still holding the stick.
Bless 'em all, bless 'em all,
The long and the short and the tall.
Bless all the majors and their bastard sons,
Bless all the colonels who spoil all our fun
For we're saying goodbye to them all
As back from the target we crawl
There'll be no promotion this side of the ocean
So cheer up my lads bless 'em all.

I BOMBED COLOGNE

(I walk Alone)

I bombed Cologne, with just a Mickey and G-box to guide me
There were 10/10 to hide me, but I still felt alone, over Cologne
I bombed Cologne and that's not all 'cause the 190's spied me
I tried so hard to hide me, there were 109's too. What could I do?
The flak was terrific all over the sky, each burst seemed meant for me
The first was below me, the next was too high
Then there was some close as could be
I bombed Cologne, it seemed St Peter was right there beside me
Took no time to decide me to leave Cologne.

1

HARDSHIPS (Slowly, as with incantation)

Cross Twenty-four thousand miles of drink
How our underwear did stink

(Chorus) HARDSHIPS YOU BASTARDS
YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT HARDSHIPS ARE

Up to New Guinea we did go
To fight the Japs from Tokyo

We slept with bugs we slept with snakes
We all came down with fever shakes

Tojo came most every night
Dropped greeting cards of dynamite

They swooped and swirled and sailed around
And bombed our planes upon the ground

Then G.H.Q. said "Go Bomb Lee"
Drop fragmentary bombs today

Ack Ack here and Ack Ack there
The goddam Jeros everywhere

Back from Buna thru the pass
A parachute stuffed right up my --

Month after month of this s---
The CO said "Go rest a bit."

When we got down to old Brisbane
We heard the brass hats cry in vain

Six bucks a day and regular pay
The Japs two thousand miles away

When we get back to American shores
The PD boys will be there before us
Singing Hardships, etc.

From Hamburg to St Lo From Bremen to Bordeaux
Wherever the big friends go
I've been on some milk runs, I've been on some rough ones
But there is one thing I know:
The Black Flak'll get you, a worrisome thing to leave you to sing
The Blues in the Night
See the bombers falling, hear the Jerries callin' "Achtung"
The Jerries are two-faced.
See the fires streaming, hear the fliers screamin' "Uncle"
"I can't get my 'chute on"
Well, Brother, you've had it
The weather, the flak, a slug in the back
And the Blues in the Night.

HARK HARK TWO ANGELS SING (Mairzy Dorts)

Merseburg and Magdeburg and little Ludwigshaven
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you?
Disseldorf and Munster Hoff and pretty Peenemunde,
A guy'd get lazy too, wouldn't you?
There's not a chance for you to go to France
It's really a shamesy-wamesy
A telegram from Uncle Sam:
"You're down in flamesy-wamesy"
Merseburg and Magdeburg and little Ludwigshaven,
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you?
A kid'll go crazy too, wouldn't you.

BLACK FLAK (...in the BLUE SKIES)

Black Flak, shootin' at me: Nothin' but black flak do I see
Flak, Jack is somethin to see; You don't need knock knock, cause its
(free)
Never saw the Flak look'in so black
If it hits you, you ain't comin' back
When you hear a crack right on your track
Think of the slack back in the sack
It's Black Flak, shootin' at me
Nothin' but Black Flak, do I see

COME ON AND JOIN THE AIR CORPS

...and you will never mind

Beautiful state of Montana
Down where the girls are so cute
Whose capital is Helena
Whose biggest city is Butte
Whose girls are so short and so stumpy
And look like a cow from behind
Come on and join the Air Corps
And you will never mind

Come on and join the Air Corps
It's a grand branch so they say
You never do no work at all
Just fly around all day
While others work and study hard
And so grow old and blind
We take the air without a care
And never never mind

Come on and get promoted
As high as you desire
You're riding on the gravy train
When you're an Army flier
But just when you are about to be
A general, you will find
your wings fall off, the ship folds up
But you will never mind

You're flying o'er the ocean
You hear your motor spit
You see your prop come to a stop
You goddam motor's quit
You can't fly, and the ship won't float
And the shore is miles behind
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish
But you will never mind

(cont. over---)

We are a bunch of heathens
We do not give a snap
About the groundlings point of view
And all that sort of crap
We want about 1000 ships of every other kind
And of course our own air force
And we will never mind

You meet up with a jet
He shoots you down in flames
Don't waste your time a belly achin'
Or calling the bastard names
Just push your stick into the ground
And pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well
And you will never mind

They send you down to Nuthampstead
And leave you there for years
And if you start a bitchin'
They'll pin back both your ears
Oh, Nuthampstead is a lovely place
As you will quickly find
But we don't care, we're leaving there
And we will never mind

THE B-17 (we love you)

The big B is a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin
It has a top speed of 120
The ship with a built in headwind

Along came a dashing young pilot
He cracked up this big hunk of tin
The crew chief and gunners stood 'round him
And these words he spoke to them

From the small of my back take the crankshaft
The connecting rod out of my brain
The cylinder head out of my kidney
And assemble Pratt Whitney again.

THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR-PLATED DESK

When it's early in the morning and the engines start to roar
You can see the old goat standing in his double Jamesway door,
And he's sweating out the take-off as he's always done before--
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK.

When the lead ship starts to quiver, and the end seems near at hand
He'll observe you from his sofa with his headset on command
And he'll say, "Go get 'em Fellers" with a mixed drink in his hand
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

When your oxygen is leaking, and you cough and gasp and snort
And the engines aren't working on your bullet-ridden Fort,
He'll crawl out of bed and holler, "Any damn' fool can abort"--
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

Oh, the MPI was covered, and the sky with flak was red
And the bombs, they missed the target 'cause the bombardier was dead
But the old fraud, nothing daunted, had him court-martialled instead
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

When you're coming from the target with a couple engines out,
And you're bucking all the propwash, you can hear the old goat shout
To keep that airplane in formation while he paper fights the Kraut
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK.

From his armor-plated briefing room he hears about the flak;
To his armor plated mess hall for an armor-plated snack;
Every time he dates his girl, it's in an armor-plated shack--
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK

Every morning down at briefing he says, "Men this is the one"
"Get into formation, go out and kill the Hun"
Then he steps into his office and breaks out a quart of rum
THE MAN BEHIND THE ARMOR PLATED DESK